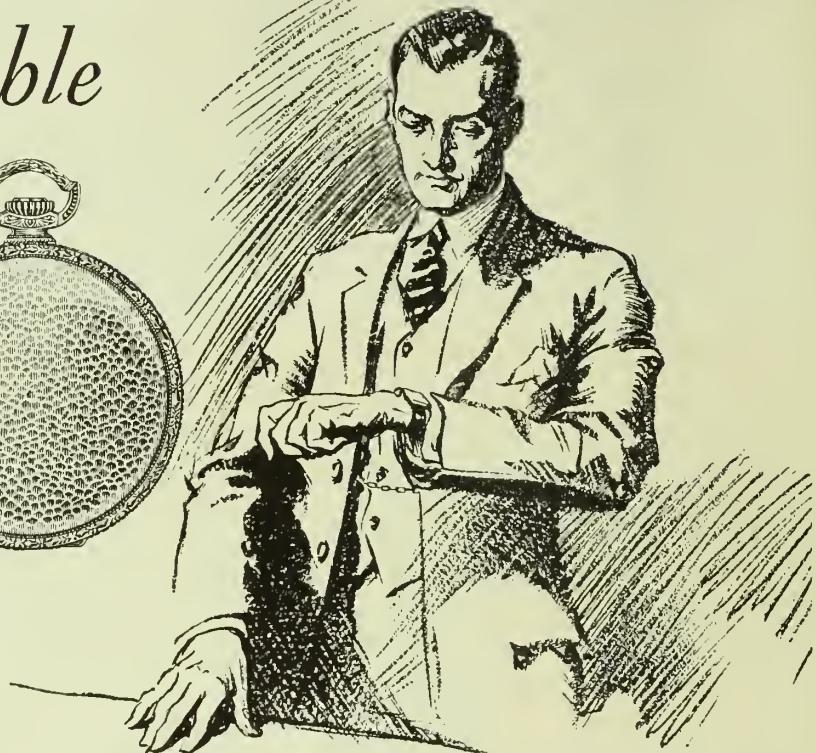
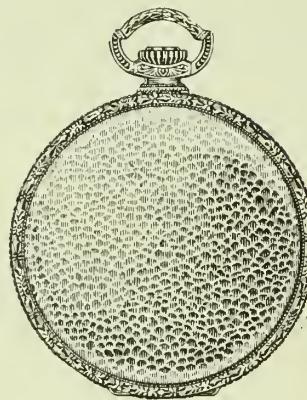
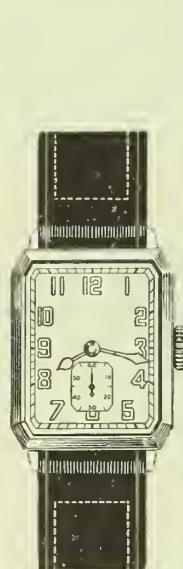


MAY 15, 1925

The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly



Why men now think two watches *indispensable*



BECAUSE most men have learned that time, like men and methods, must be organized for true economy in business, a great many of them have come to look upon the possession of two watches as an absolute necessity.

They cannot, of course, do without the pocket watch. With a vest it is at all times the correct watch to wear.

But with the strap watch, they find, wherever they may be, at their desks or on the golf course, in their shirt sleeves or bundled up in heavy overcoats on winter days, a simple downward glance with a slight movement of the arm gives them the time at once.

You, too, can enjoy this convenience at

small expense, for a good watch costs no more than a suit of clothes.

But whether it is a pocket or a strap watch that you are now about to buy, it is important that you consider the quality of the case quite as much as that of the movement.

Among the Wadsworth creations you will find a case exactly suited to your taste, and at a price within your means—a case of distinctive beauty and with that exactness of fit which is so essential to the protection of the watch movement.

Whatever the type of watch you select, whether a pocket watch or a strap, you can depend upon the name Wadsworth as your assurance of a case not only of correct design but of the finest material and workmanship.



EVERY "Wadsworth Gold Filled" watch case is made by welding together two surfaces of solid gold with a layer of stronger metal between. The fineness and thickness of gold used fully meets the standard of quality recently approved by the U. S. Federal Trade Commission.

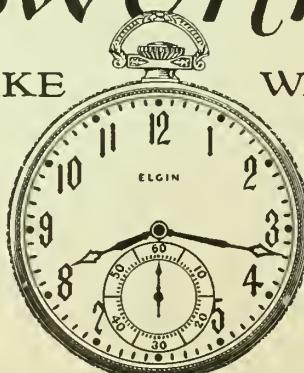
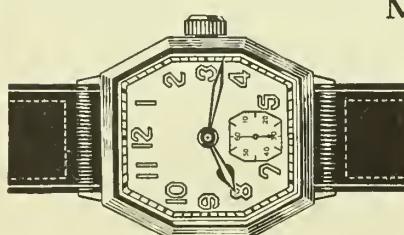
The result is a watch case of moderate price, gold inside and out, but stronger and stiffer than a thin solid gold case of equal price.

When you buy a watch, therefore, be sure that the mark "Wadsworth Gold Filled" is stamped in the case. You can trust this mark as implicitly as you would the mark "Wadsworth Solid Gold" or "Wadsworth Sterling". For the name Wadsworth appears only in watch cases which conform to these three standards of quality approved by the government.

Wadsworth Cases

MAKE

WATCHES BEAUTIFUL



THE WADSWORTH WATCH CASE COMPANY, DAYTON, KY.
Suburb of Cincinnati, Ohio

May 15, 1925

Vol. 7, No. 20



The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly



THE fate of the Czar of Russia and his family has been more baffling than an unsolved mystery, for it has been a mystery partly solved. The Weekly believes the story has never been told with such completeness as in the account by Rutherford H. Platt, Jr., which begins in this issue and which will be concluded next week. Mr. Platt has secured the details of the Romanoffs' fate from a resident of the city in which they met their death who had the story at first hand from an eye-witness. The eye-witness had no axe to grind; there is no reason to regard his version of the affair as anything but the unadorned truth. Russia, particularly the Russia of former days in which a ruble was worth fifty cents, seems and is remote enough from America, but the Russian collapse of 1917 was of as great significance as America's entry into the war. If the Czar could have held his throne and kept his vast military machine functioning the Argonne might never have been fought.

* * *

DEPARTMENT Commander Lco M. Harlow informs us that Massachusetts should have been included in the list of States in which the teaching of United States history in high schools is required by state law, published in the April 17th Weekly. The section of the law requiring this instruction is worth quoting, and we are glad to take it from the compilation of laws affecting the veteran or of veteran interest made by Mr. Harlow while he was chairman of the Legion's Department Legislative Committee: "In all public elementary and high schools American history and civics, including the Constitution of the United States, shall be taught as required subjects for the purpose of promoting civic service and a greater knowledge thereof, and of fitting the pupils, morally and intellectually, for the duties of citizenship."

* * *

WADE CONDIT, of Roscoe Enloe Post, Jefferson City, Missouri, thinks the I'm-from-Missouri contingent will be glad to get some information he wants to impart. Unfortunately, unless you are literally from Missouri the information will be of no practical advantage. Governor Baker of Missouri recently signed a bill passed by the State Legislature reopening the filing time for state soldier bonus claims, and some 12,000 Missouri veterans who had not filed claims now have an opportunity to do so until December 31, 1925.

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THERE is nothing unusual in a Legion post's putting on a banquet. Furthermore, a banquet has to follow traditional lines pretty much. It is essential, for instance, that there be something to eat. It is also essential to have somebody make a speech, because a banquet without speeches is just a meal. There is one other essential—the largest possible attendance. Alonzo Cudworth Post of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, recently assembled several hundred Legionnaires at a banquet at which Rear Admiral William S. Sims was the principal speaker. Admiral Sims spoke on preparedness and the importance of the submarine and the airplane in our defense scheme. As a result, the account of the banquet in next morning's Milwaukee *Sentinel*, instead of being tucked away on page sixteen to the extent of two inches, appeared on the first and second pages to the tune of a column and a half, and that in the face of the hottest April 23d in Milwaukee's history and the fact that Rumania was moving troops toward the Bulgarian and Russian frontiers—and making them walk, we'll bet.

* * *

IT was stated on the editorial page of the May 1st issue that the C. M. T. C. camps this year are ready to care for 38,000 young men, and that the Legion hopes to see the day when five times that number will be in the camps each summer. Now comes Legionnaire J. Floyd Harrison of Wayne, West Virginia, with some good news supporting the Legion's hope. Largely with Legion encouragement and guidance, men attending the Fifth Corps Area

camps have perfected an all-year-round organization, with clubs already existing in 150 counties. Mr. Harrison says a list of the C. M. T. C. boys can be furnished any post in the area which wants to help organize a club. One of the main aims of the clubs is to help get the most promising youths to attend camp each year. They also foster study of national defense problems between camp periods.

* * *

POST adjutants: Your magazine will be grateful if you will send the Weekly's Circulation Department at your earliest convenience any Weekly subscription cards that come to your hands. Cards for 1925 have been coming in since late last fall with greater speed and efficiency than ever before, indicating (and this is no salve, but a statement provable by figures) that posts of the Legion are electing officials who know their stuff and do it.

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The Last Journey of the Romanoffs

By RUTHERFORD H. PLATT, JR.

THE exact fate of the Romanoff family has been the greatest mystery of the World War.

By sifting hearsay, by weighing conflicting reports, it is conceded and generally realized that the Czar of All the Russias and his family met a violent end in the shadow of the Ural Mountains in mid-July, 1918.

Much ostensible evidence has been supplied to an ignorant world by the Bolshevik government, by the Kolchak government, by friends of the Romanoffs, by investigators—all of which evidence, after establishing the fundamental fact of the killing of the family, serves only to deepen the shroud of mystery around the deed.

Each source of information has undertaken to impress people to believe certain things which it is desired to prove. We have been told that the Czar and his family escaped and are living incognito in a monastery in Siberia (later you will see how nearly this was the actual outcome); that they are living in Japan concealed in the mountains; that the Czar came to the United States as an oiler on an American freighter in June, 1920; that the Czar was executed after a trial but that his family were removed to a place of safety (this was an official Bolshevik version); that an American officer stationed in Vladivostok when we had an expeditionary force there met a lovely Russian girl, fell in love with her, married her, and discovered that she was Anastasia, the youngest of the princesses, and that the couple are now living in Chicago. And we are told much else, including the truth: that the whole family was exterminated.

But who ordered it? Who did it? How? On what pretext? Was no consideration shown to the young girls and the lame boy? What are the facts of this incredible event?

By a peculiar chance the details of the dark business in Ekaterinburg on the night of July 16-17, 1918, are now

revealed. Not by a government communiqué that tells what is expedient, not by friends who tell what in their passion they believe and want you to believe, but by one who, above all other persons in the world, is able to tell what occurred, and does so with no motive other than the telling.

He was a soviet official at Ekaterinburg at the time the Romanoffs were kidnapped from their train and incarcerated in that prosperous mining city on the eastern slope of the Urals. He participated in the plans, and he was one of the twelve persons actually present at the final drama exclusive of the eleven victims. To make this testimony still more unsatisfactory, it is not given as an official report for public utterance nor in studied writing, but in spontaneous conversation with a close personal friend in whom he was accustomed to confide.

He was a man of no special imagination and he was not trying to impress his listener. His point of view was simply, "These are the things that occurred; this is how it all happened; I have nothing more to say."

Only he exclaimed afterward—and how it puts the final stamp of truth on his words!—"There is no honor in this. I am ashamed."

How far the heat of the crisis consumed every drop of honor in the man's nature you can judge when you hear his narrative. More likely he, a plain, simple man, was so dominated at the time by fiendish intellects much stronger than his that his human instinct looked on paralyzed and aghast while his physical

nature cowered and obeyed. There is no call for either anger or pity toward this commissar, whose name must be withheld for the present. His rôle is merely that of mouthpiece, and his medium for us is a frank, intelligent girl who was his friend.

This girl was born and bred in Ekaterinburg. She knew everybody and every house in town, just as a girl born and



Princesses Olga and Tatiana, the oldest children of the Czar and the Czarina. Tatiana especially held the hearts of the Russian people. During the war she was a tireless hospital worker, and after her father's abdication she was the cheerful mainstay of the family during their imprisonment

bred in Butte, Montana, might. She was well-to-do, educated, respected, honored among her neighbors. The tale that was told to her in frank confidence by her friend burned into her memory. The information became her own unalterable possession. To add to it, to detract from it, to change it in the slightest detail was furthest from her thoughts—unless to share it with anyone in the rest of the world was further. But then came another crisis at Ekaterinburg. The coming of the Czechs altered her existence. She married a Swedish engineer and became Mrs. Olga Johansen, a Swedish subject. Together Mr. and Mrs. Johansen were forced to turn their backs on Russia, and after incredible hazards they reached Vladivostok.

One day not long ago a liner nosed her way into quarantine off Ellis Island in New York Harbor. Presently a young couple were showing their papers and explaining

themselves to a United States government agent who speaks sixteen languages. This agent was Vincent Jankowski, a brilliant linguist of Slav extraction, one of the most penetrating men in the Immigration Service, and in all things an American gentleman. His interest in the Johansens was quickly aroused beyond official limits. He became their friend and helper in New York. He helped them to find a place to live and employment and kindred friends. He was a frequent caller and a close friend. Finally one evening Mrs. Johansen told him all she knew about the end of the Czar. She was transported in memory back to another evening of confidence in Ekaterinburg—and she related word for word what the commissar had told her.

"This is not hearsay. This is the truth of what happened in the dwelling of Engineer Ipatief between two and three o'clock in the morning of July 17, 1918."

❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖

FOR a complete understanding of this tragedy let us see who were the leading characters and what the influences were that brought about the awful climax.

There were eleven victims of this blood-curdling night's work. Of these, seven composed the entire immediate family of Nicholas Romanoff; the other four we will discover when we reach "the house of special destination."

To designate the seven Romanoffs as a family is remarkably appropriate. Their domestic unity endured from the days of Peterhof—the royal palace in St. Petersburg—to the night in the Ekaterinburg cellar.

Long before their troubles bound them together with mutual suffering they lived, traveled, worked,

played as a family. In the days of their power, when the term "royal family" was regarded as a formality, they were in fact, in a human sense, a father, a mother, four sisters, and a baby brother.

Their point of view was imposed on them by their rank and environment. They did not go to market or scrub the floor on Saturday, but by temperament they were as human as anybody. When the children got the measles or chickenpox they convalesced with picture books and toys. Sisters reminded brother to wear his rubbers on a wet day. Mother read aloud. Father got down on his hands and knees in the nursery while the youngsters rode pickaback (mother used to chide father for being undignified when he did that). There was teasing

and laughter, scrapping and affectionate names—all the life of a normal growing family. It is not royalistic propaganda to say that the members of this family knew they had obligations to meet as well as privileges to enjoy. Only the cloud of autocracy cast its sinister purple shadow over the little group. Their family life was behind

Shoveling snow was one of the chief occupations of the deposed Czar at Tsarskoye-Selo. Here the family, though under arrest, lived comfortably. This picture shows the abdicated ruler, the Crown Prince, Princess Tatiana and an unnamed friend of royal blood. From the condition of their clothing the young folks have apparently just been indulging in a snowball fight



the drop curtain of court etiquette that completely obscured the human picture.

The fate of the Romanoffs was cruelly pathetic. It was not as though an obsolete medieval device called royalty was being exterminated by the march of progress. Somehow, one thinks,

Czar, though loyal, as he was about them. And also there was the group of apostles of true socialism, like Tolstoy, whose voices mingled with the mutterings of radical malcontents most of whom were in exile and considered entirely harmless and of no consequence.

It is important to note how the really vicious radicals were actually of no

reformers were loyal to him—only he himself would not listen to them.

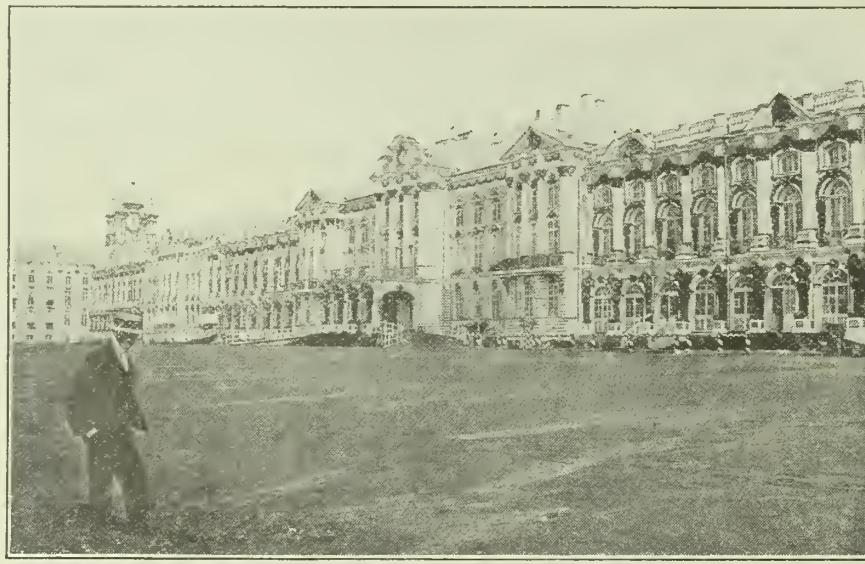
Meanwhile the Romanoff family carried on its medieval folderol in the salons of Petershof, pursued mid-Victorian habits long after more modern ideas should have prevailed, traveled on a special train to the Crimea for its traditional vacationing—all of which was proper, but shows how the Czar and his family failed to keep up with things. To err is human. The Romanoffs erred.

Moreover, and more important, mystery surrounded the family. They not only failed to see that Russia was changing its views while they were not, but also they failed utterly to impress on their vast realm that they were perfectly sincere in their motives and loyal at heart, and that Nicholas was probably one of the most well-meaning men in the world, even though one of the most ineffectual.

Things occurred that gave wrong impressions. For example, there was the ominous calamity at the coronation. The event was held in Moscow in May, 1896, on a scale befitting the installation of a new head for the most powerful monarchy in the world. A hundred thousand people swarmed across the vast field. Thousands of imperial troops passed in brilliant review. At the close of the ceremony, after the new Czar had withdrawn from the field, a trivial incident occurred that disturbed the people in its vicinity. Their fears spread and became an alarm—the emotion of some unexplained happening swept through the crowds and threw them into a panic. The field was in an uproar, and when the human breakers subsided two thousand lay dead, trampled by the stampede. It was one of the greatest calamities in history, yet for some inexplicable reason the emperor took no notice of it. The same evening found him at a concert. Not a word of regret, not a suggestion that his head was bowed for the sorrows of his people was heard. What do people think under such circumstances?

Then there was the mystery that dogged the footsteps of the little

(Continued on page 16)



Sixteen miles from St. Petersburg was the magnificent country seat of the Romanoffs—Tsarskoye-Selo. It was to this palace that the Czar came following his abdication to find all his children down with the measles

Czar Nicholas perhaps had to be snuffed out—but how about the girls? And the boy was lame!

The head of this family, Nicholas Romanoff, was a better father than he was a ruler. As Emperor of All the Russias he was the most powerful monarch in the world, yet in practising the business which the caprice of birth brought him he was irresolute, vacillating, lacking both the reckless vigor that marked the leadership of his ancestor Ivan the Terrible and the broad statesmanship that strengthened the hands of his ancestor Alexander the Great. He was not big enough for the big job.

For the twenty-four years of his reign tradition and arbitrary power were the saving of the Czar. You cannot lightly shake off a monarchy like Russia's with its roots in the middle ages and its leaden pressure weighing down the whole country, simply because a weak ruler is in. Things went along for better or for worse year after year. Nobody worried much about the Czar's position, least of all the Czar himself.

It took a war like the Russo-Japanese War to loosen first the age-hardened bands of his government. After that defeat his people began to talk. Something was wrong with the unsassable throne. This was followed by agitation for reform, and the Czar was forced to give his country the Duma, more or less a representative assembly, in 1905.

Nearly a decade passed with the great Russian Empire outwardly placid, and functioning as a magnificent monarchy among the powers of the earth. Here was the galaxy of the court performing in splendor; there was the complacent serenity of a vast peasant population as unconcerned about their

consequence then. Agitations for reforms right up to the end, even those that brought about the abdication of Nicholas, were more or less enlightened, and undertaken in behalf of the state rather than in opposition to the Czar. The sinister radical voices were not heard or heeded until—well, until the climax in 1917.

The speculation is, could Nicholas have avoided the climax and remained the head of a constitutional government if he had enjoyed greater ties of statesmanship and more foresight? Probably yes. Because the real



Peterhof, the enormous palace which was the St. Petersburg home of the royal family at the height of their power

The Northwest Burns the Mortgage

By MARQUIS JAMES



WHEN Lars Serumgaard of Beach, North Dakota, came home from the war with a Croix de Guerre, his father asked him if he felt like going to work and Lars said he did.

"All right," replied Serumgaard the elder, "take the farm. I am getting on in years, and haven't been feeling good of late. Besides farming here isn't what it was. This Non-Partisan League, the co-operatives and all—I don't understand them. It's time for me to quit work, anyhow."

The old gentleman did not have long in which to enjoy the first leisure a life of toil had brought him. In a few months he was dead. Lars was alone in the world as far as kin-folks went; his Swedish mother had been gathered to the fathers these many years ago, and he had no brothers and sisters.

So Lars became the proprietor of nine hundred unfettered acres of Dakota prairie. In 1920 he could have sold it for \$60 an acre, but he didn't want to sell for that price. The Non-Partisan League had scared eastern capital out of North Dakota and had impaired the state's credit. Land values were affected—they were not depressed any, but they had failed to respond to the stimulus which wartime prosperity had brought to Northwestern land values generally. If Lars' 900 acres had been over the line in South Dakota he might have gotten \$100 an acre for them because there was a land boom down there as

in the remainder of the Northwest pretty generally during that year.

Lars therefore planted wheat and expected to make a lot of money. True, crops had been poor for the year or so past, but that would not last forever. His father had been a successful wheat farmer, and he would be one.

In March of 1924 Lars rode into South Saint Paul, where the stock yards are, on a sheep train. By this means he got free transportation to the Twin Cities and a few dollars for tending the sheep en route—the first cash money Lars had had in his pocket for some time. He took a trolley to Minneapolis and called at the Federal Reserve Bank. He asked to see one of the deputy governors. The observant doorman at that granite palace of finance probably looked Lars over carefully. In his worn sheepskin coat and pants stuffed into his arctics he did not resemble the run of the bank's callers.

"I am Lars Serumgaard of Beach," the visitor announced. "I owe you \$4,400 on notes, plus interest for a year and a half."

"Yes, Mr. Serumgaard," said the deputy governor, "what can we do for you today?"

Lars was unbuttoning his various coats. From an inside pocket he withdrew a large envelope, which he opened. Abstracting a paper he handed it over.

"You can take that," he said. "It's the best I can do."

Serumgaard handed the representative of the Federal Reserve Bank a

Boston's butter in the beginning. A feature of the come-back of agriculture in the Northwest is co-operative marketing, by which the farmer has excluded middlemen and sells his products directly to consumers, largely in the East

quit claim deed to every last acre of land that belonged to him.

This banker is an old time Northwesterner. He was brought up on a farm as a boy, but the rest of his life has been spent in banks. He has made every rung of the ladder from the bottom to the top. He knows the peculiar tragedies and joys of life as only a veteran banker can know them.

The banker studied the man before him. A glance or two was enough. There was force, there was pride in the impassive features of the young farmer who had just relinquished to the Government title to everything he owned. He had surrendered, he had acknowledged himself beaten but he did it with an air of a sovereign who, with the world in arms against him, with firm dignity abdicates to a monarch of equal rank. No petty sheriff or bailiff could claim the victory, no storekeeper with an attachment handed down by a justice of the peace. With his land mortgaged to the hilt, with every resource of credit exhausted, ex-soldier Serumgaard chose to make his capitulation to the United States Government, from which he had borrowed \$4,400 with

the expectation that one good year would be sufficient to wipe it out.

Though technically the United States Government and the Federal Reserve Bank are not actually synonymous, the government's connection with the federal reserve system is such as to give its banks a decided official flavor. In this instance Serumgaard originally had borrowed money of a local bank in Beach which had been unable to weather the hard times and had closed its doors. The Federal Reserve Bank in Minneapolis had rediscounted Serumgaard's notes to the Beach bank and in this way came to hold the bag in the transaction. In ordinary cases the government extended its direct aid to the hard-pressed farmers of the Northwest through the War Finance Corporation which was created to help finance our war activities and was revived to tide over the post-war depression in agriculture. The way the Corporation operated was to extend credit to local banks which in turn helped out individual farmers with loans.

Having handed in the quit claim Serumgaard was ready to walk out of the bank, his entire estate the battered outfit of clothes he stood in.

"Sit down," said the bank official. "Tell me what has happened."

For thirty years our friend the banker has been listening to these stories. Since 1920 he has listened to a lot of them. He knows the questions to ask and the tone to ask them in to draw the narrator out. While the tale of adversity is being spun our friend is smoking his pipe—diagnosing the cause and rummaging about amongst the financial formulas stored in his head for a remedy for the economic riddle.

As for Serumgaard, he was plainly insolvent. His land could not be sold for \$25 an acre. It was mortgaged for \$22. The place had been stripped of animals, machinery—piece by piece everything removable had disappeared in the hopeless fight to raise money to keep going. On top of this Lars owed the Federal Reserve Bank \$4,400 for which he had given his note.

So much for the situation. Now the causes. The banker ticked them off in his mind as Serumgaard talked. Too much wheat; ruinous farming methods; wheat crop failures. The first and second were preventable entirely; the third mitigable to a degree.

The late J. P. Morgan once astonished (why, I can't say) a Congressional Committee by declaring that money is not the basis of credit. It's character, the old financier said.



Lars Serumgaard left the quit claim deed in the Federal

Reserve Bank—in a waste basket in a hundred pieces. Lars himself left the bank with \$1,400 in his pocket, and took a train back to Beach. The bank had staked him to another turn of the wheel of fortune. The \$1,400 was to put in another wheat crop—the cheapest crop to plant and tend, and the biggest moneymaker in case it comes through. It loaned him ma-

chinery—a tractor, plows, binder, etc., from the corral at Beach which was crowded with farm implements which had been taken over from other farmers for debt. It loaned him three foreclosed horses.

Lars put in 822 acres of wheat and flax—but mostly wheat—and bought a supply of feed for his horses. This took all of the \$1,400. Lars himself got along by shooting jack rabbits. The 1924 wheat crop in the Northwest was the biggest in nine years. The price was \$1.60 a bushel. When Lars had sold his grain at the elevator at Beach he paid up all of his back taxes and interest on mortgages, his sundry local debts, and all but \$1,100 of the \$5,800 he owed the Federal Reserve Bank at Minneapolis. He could have paid it all, but winter set in before he could get 850 bushels of his flax hauled to town. It is now in his bins. He bought the machinery he had borrowed from the Government and the three horses. He bought a holstein milking herd and a bull. He was sitting pretty, as the saying goes.

His success with wheat has not gone to his head. He has cropped his land scientifically for this coming harvest. Less wheat than ever before, and more flax, barley and oats. He is on his way to being a farmer and not a land-owning wheat speculator as before.

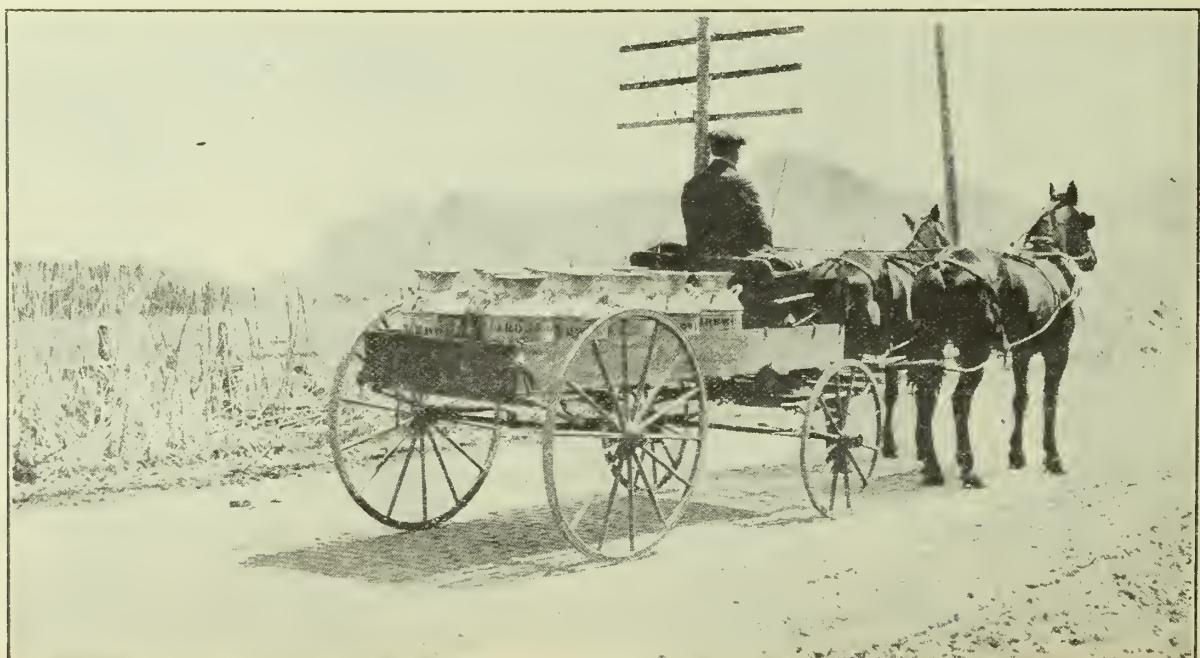
The story of Lars Serumgaard—which is true except the name—is the story of the agricultural depression in the Northwest and the subsequent recovery from that depression. Which is a generality of course, and all generalities are faulty in detail. Actually the problem assumed different aspects in different localities.

Wheat crop failures and low prices for wheat were general.

In Montana there was additionally too much wheat acreage, reckless meth-

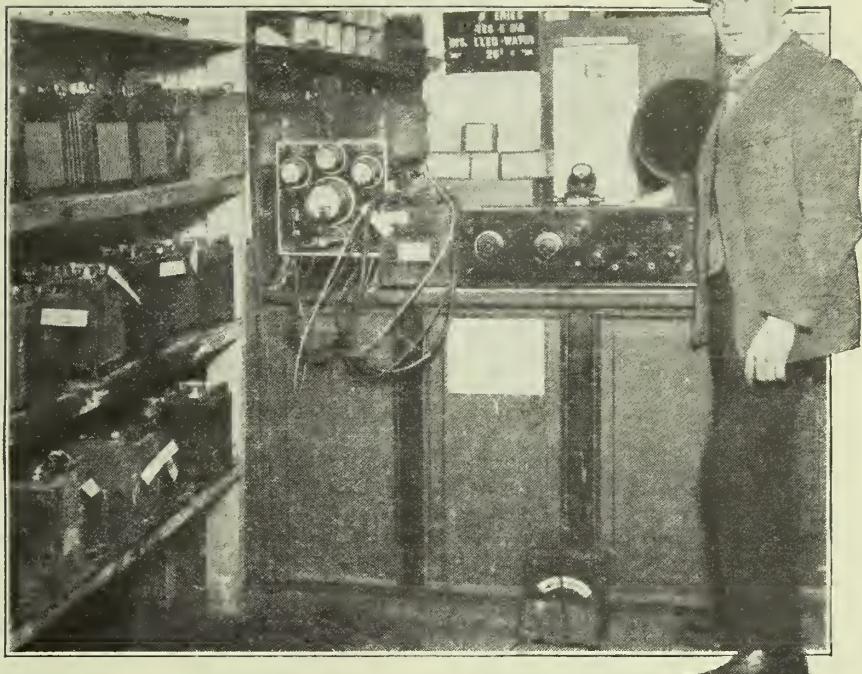
(Continued on page 19)

A South Dakota farmer hauling cream to the creamery in which he is a part owner, where it is made into butter and "sold East"



Doctor to Run- Down Battery Shops

By BENJAMIN
O. WILKINS



Roland D. West of Brooklyn, New York, ex-leatherneck, takes business establishments that are on the skids, builds them up, and then sells them. The fact that he has only one leg doesn't hold him back, as his ownership of an eighteen thousand dollar house acquired since the war indicates. Here he is in the seventh battery shop he has brought from nowhere to a paying basis

HE stands on his own feet, does Roland D. West—or, rather, as he puts it, on the one foot the war left him to stand on. But West stands a lot more firmly on his one good leg with the artificial one that has been arranged to take the place of the other good leg he lost in service, than many a man with the feet and legs he was born with.

He looks the world in the eye and tells the world, does this former marine—and, boiled down, what he says is this: He made a living before he went into the service, and he can make a living now. And he does just that and some more without asking odds from the world and his fellow citizens. He's so emphatic and successful in pursuing this idea, that he has already bought an eighteen thousand dollar home on money earned since he left the service.

West served with the Sixth Marines of the Second Division. He spent most of his time overseas lying in hospitals—to be exact, he was fifty-eight weeks in various hospitals of the A. E. F. He returned to the States in April, 1919. West's mother had died before Roland, the youngest of her sons in the service, came home. His father had already been dead for years. Some changed world to face! Nothing the same as it had been—and he couldn't do outside work with the high tension electric wires, climbing poles and all that, as he had done before enlisting.

What was the next best thing? Running a battery service station seemed a likely trick, so West started that. But he wasn't content with reviving weak batteries—he decided to bring failing businesses back to life at the same time. He bought an agency together with a little battery business that was on its last legs, its owners

anxious to listen to sell out to a man who knew how to run a business.

When West and that business got together, there was a revival meeting. Turning it over after a year or so proved so profitable that he obtained another run-down shop at a low figure. He built it up to a well-paying basis; and then he sold this one also to men who knew that a live service station with regular customers was worth real money.

The seventh run-down shop bought by West is now under process of treatment to make it a paying proposition before he offers it for sale; and a word or two about it since it was taken over by this business live wire explains a lot.

West had sold his sixth shop, and then bought his present one—at 6005 Fourth Avenue, Brooklyn, New York—in May, 1924. It then had two storage batteries in stock for sale, and handled about half a dozen for charging or other service each week. The establishment had been clinging to the edge of the toboggan for half a dozen years. Today there is a complete stock of auto ignition, including batteries and starters, as well as a radio stock of several sets, and twenty-five to thirty-five batteries are brought in each day to receive service. One little service auto is proving not enough, and so the delivery fleet of this thriving business is to be doubled. And there is a service man working as helper, but West expects to have three more experts in his shop. In eight months, the value of the establishment has been raised from a few hundred dollars to as many thousand.

That's just a sample of how West puts pep in a dying business. He never takes over a store within twenty-

five blocks of one he has formerly run, for he considers that would be unfair competition against the men who bought the other stands from him. And of course he sells the name with the business, so he has to think up another each time he starts.

Not long ago, West took the lead in organizing an association of battery dealers. The battery service men in the vicinity had been cutting each others' throats to get business, and in many cases had been making so little that they couldn't give satisfactory service.

From the time the artificial leg was first attached, West omitted crutches and even a cane from his life. The very day the substitute was completed, he walked fourteen miles on it; and with that act put all that had gone before far, far behind him in the dim past.

No one of West's friends knows, through his telling, that he was injured in the war—or even that he went over. Once in a while a customer says, "Hurt your foot? You're walking a little lame." And West only replies, "Yes, I lost a leg." Not another word of explanation, no complaining about what's happened. That's all past and gone, water over the dam, in West's life now.

Life has strangely altered since West's mother bade him good-bye and watched him start out on the adventure that was to bring him back apparently less able to make his way in life than before he donned a uniform. His one regret is that she did not live to see the way in which he has overcome handicaps that would be insuperable to a less resourceful, less courageous fighter.

EDITORIAL

FOR God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to Constitution of The American Legion.

Germany's President-Elect

PAUL VON BENECKENDORFF UND VON HINDENBURG is known on this side of the Atlantic as a German general whose name (in part) was given to a famous system of defenses that did not prove as impregnable as it had been heralded to be.

But in Germany the name of the president-elect of the republic connotes something greater than that. Early in the war the Russian armies swooped down on East Prussia and occupied a part of it. With the exception of the small French incursion of Alsace, this was the only portion of Germany to be actually invaded during the World War. It was Hindenburg who drove the Russians out. And it was for this that a famous wooden statue of him was erected in Berlin. Stories are told of the jealousy with which he was regarded by the Kaiser, for unquestionably during the war Hindenburg was the empire's leading citizen, with the head of the house of Hohenzollern a poor second. His popularity with his chief was not enhanced by Hindenburg's opposition to the futile Verdun attack, the failure of which—one of the greatest blows to Prussian prestige which German arms suffered in the whole war—put Hindenburg in the position of being able to say "I told you so." Possibly he was too loyal to say it, but the Kaiser probably felt as bad as if Hindenburg had said it. If any jealousy exists between the two, it is not likely to diminish with the elevation of Hindenburg to the headship of the Reich—a position which, his worst enemy within or without Germany must admit, he cannot fill with less credit than did Wilhelm II.

Von Hindenburg is undoubtedly a militarist, for he has been bred from his youth up in the Prussian military tradition, and he is an old man now. He is a militarist but he does not work at it. It is related that on his birthdays since the war friends throughout Germany have sent him gifts of sausages, sauerkraut and barreled beer. There is no reason to believe that, as president of the German Republic, the old field marshal will change this satisfactory diet—or that he will care to jeopardize it by trying to restore to power a war lord with whom he never did get along very well anyway.

On Your Mark

IN athletics The American Legion finds one of its greatest opportunities for public service. Scarcely a post but what may serve its town or city by helping provide better football, better baseball, better boxing, better swimming, better golf. Scores of Legion posts have shown their public spirit by supporting high school teams of one sort or another. Gymnasiums make many Legion post clubhouses attractive community centers, particularly in towns where basketball is king of winter sports. Legion posts in many sections have taken the lead in making bowling the popular sport it should be—and in Toledo, Ohio, recently, Legion post bowling teams of three States competed in a tournament. In many towns Legion posts have introduced golf as a sport for everybody, the Legionnaires acquiring the site of a golf course and preparing it for play. All these Legion activities are true to our American tradition that play is indispensable.

Especial credit should be given to Harold T. Andrews Post of Portland, Maine, for the indoor track meet which

it held not long ago, an event which attracted state-wide attention and showed the possibilities of Legion leadership. Athletes of international prominence took part in this meet. Foremost among them was Paavo Nurmi himself, smasher of nineteen world's records—at this writing. He attempted to break another world's record at the Portland meet in a 3,000-yard event on a track with 13½ laps to the mile, but his time of eight minutes 14 2/5 seconds fell a quarter minute short of the record made a generation ago by W. G. George of England. Nevertheless, the Portland Legionnaires and the others in a big crowd of spectators were thrilled when the Finnish wonder overlapped his field three times in the race.

The aggregation that ran at Portland under auspices of Harold T. Andrews Post left a lasting impression in the State of Maine. And what Harold T. Andrews Post did is typical of the aggressive spirit of leadership in sport which posts throughout the country are showing. There are forty-seven other States that have track athletes and folks who like to see them in action.

Fellowship to the End

WHEN Joseph Zadasky died in the isolation hospital at Paterson, New Jersey, about all anybody knew about him was that he had served in the World War. Nobody knew his relatives. Nobody in the neighborhood from which he had been taken to the hospital could tell whence he had come to fall sick among strangers.

Pellington Post of The American Legion of Paterson learned about Joseph Zadasky when he was on his deathbed. Post Chaplain Raymond Wildrick comforted him in his final hours.

For those who die friendless and penniless and alone, there is the Potter's Field. But Joseph Zadasky today lies in the Legion burial plot in Laurel Grove Cemetery, his grave marked by the Flag. A Legion undertaker prepared him for burial, and the post gave him final honors as reverently as if he had been the Unknown Soldier brought from the remoteness of a battlefield. A stone will mark his resting place, and his name will not be forgotten.

Joseph Zadasky is one of hundreds of service men whom the Legion has served as best friend in the hour of death and afterward. No Legion post will permit a World War veteran to be given a casual and unhonored burial.

The duty of the Legion to bury those who die has been made simpler by a provision in the Johnson Law, recently enacted by Congress at the Legion's request. This provision authorizes government payment of funeral expenses where in the judgment of the Director of the Veterans Bureau a veteran does not leave sufficient assets to meet the expenses of burial and funeral and transportation of his body. Liberally construed, as it will be, this provision insures the right kind of funeral for every service man who dies.

This provision is only one of several score embodied in the new Johnson Law with the help of the Legion's National Legislative Committee. Every Legionnaire should take a just pride in sharing in such an accomplishment as the passage of this law, the latest of a series of laws which the Legion has obtained for the help and protection of all service men. And every service man outside the Legion should find in this law a new and powerful reason why he should join the Legion and bear his share of the Legion's work for all.

❖ ❖ ❖

One pair beats a full house—of relatives.

❖ ❖ ❖

Now is the time for all good neighbors to return the snow shovels they borrowed in December.

❖ ❖ ❖

Spring, according to the pessimist, is just another chance for malicious truck gardeners to plant carrots.

A PERSONAL PAGE

by Frederick Palmer

Having suffered for the want of books on a lonely farm when I was a boy, I always like to think that everybody has plenty of books to read. More than anything else I have always wanted "And—and Then?" to write a real children's book.

William Deakin Post of Walden, New York, has given the town a children's library. I hope that there are some good healthy children's stories in that collection—stories in which the little fellows will bury their noses as their eyes bulge in the "And—and then?" of what is going to happen next.

There is something catching about Bill Borah. You cannot help giving him publicity. As his fellow citizens of the State of Idaho see him he is to other men what Idaho potatoes are to other potatoes—and he can never be wrong in anything that he says, especially when he is making a speech outside of Idaho.

Borah is a great lawyer, a great speaker, and chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations. Though I agree about the size and mealiness of Idaho potatoes, and though I am neither lawyer nor speaker and my only official power in foreign relations is that I am entitled to a passport as an American citizen, I do not agree with Idaho about his infallibility. The more of his brilliant speeches I read the more confused I become as to what is in Borah's mind, despite the fact that he is always so ably telling us what is in it. I feel about him like the doughboy of a battalion of infantry which had been beside the road in the blazing sun for an hour listening to the major talk to his captains about battle strategy.

"Major," that doughboy asked, "when do we make camp and get some chow?"

The major thought that the doughboy was too inquisitive about a petty detail when high command was occupied with high strategy. Maybe I'm too inquisitive about Borah.

He is against so many things and for so many things, so brilliantly and eloquently, that I wonder when he is going to do something. He is against the World Court which the House of Representatives favors by an overwhelming vote. The people seem to be for it; The American Legion is on record for it. The Senate is against it because it is a step toward drawing us into the League of Nations.

But a lot of us think that we can be in the World Court and keep out of the League if we want to. The idea that we have to join the League if we are in the World Court is on a par with thinking that you have to join the Democratic or Republican party if you sit down to talk business that is not of a political nature with Democrats or Republicans.

One of the things that Borah is for is recognizing the Russian Soviets. Russia is neither in the League nor in the World Court. England, France and Italy have recognized the Soviets to their regret. Though they promised not to, if they were recognized, the Soviets keep on teaching sedition through the local communist parties in these countries as they do in the United States. Ex-President Millerand is out for having France break off relations with them. It seems time enough to recognize the Soviet government when not by diplomatic promises but

by public orders it repudiates the communist international and all its secret forces of propaganda throughout the world. And then not until the proof of the order is given by obedience. At least, that is my view.

Borah will not work with the President, or his party, or the Senate majority, or the Democrats. He seems to find it hard at times to work with himself. His attitude reminds me of that of one member of a party of men trying to get a stalled automobile out of a muddy river bed. While the others labored he stood on the bank and told them very eloquently and very ably how he was against all their methods and that he favored this and that of a number of methods of his own. This finally brought the remark: "If you must make speeches I wish you would occasionally say something encouraging."

Borah has one of the best brains in the country. That is a national asset. He holds one of the most responsible positions in the Senate. Sometimes I wish that he would make better use of his asset in that position. Always I am sure that he has made enough speeches in one month to last John J. Pershing for a lifetime. What an intellectual feast we would have if Idaho sent us as many Borahs as she sends us potatoes and they all disagreed with one another! They might even disagree with our digestions. Idaho potatoes never do. Personally, I am in favor of increasing the crop of Idaho potatoes, but I am not sure but that an increase of the Borah crop would not make politics too hectic.

J. R. D. of Pawtucket, Rhode Island, cannot understand why I should be "writing about something I know little about" and "making an issue of He Idolizes the Prince of Wales whom we nearly the Prince all idolize."

Where you and I disagree in premise, J. R. D., is that I do not idolize him. I did not make an issue of him; I mentioned the issue he is making of himself in England. I did not suggest that he was an issue in any part of the United States, including J. R. D.'s home town.

"It seems to me," J. R. D. continues, "that the Prince happens to be one of those rare individuals who refuses to be dictated to, and, as his life partly belongs to himself, he refuses to burden himself with trouble until it is forced upon him."

Under the British constitution the heir to the throne of the world's greatest empire is supposed to do what he is told by the elected heads of the British government. He is not just a rich man's son, at loose ends, who may do as he pleases. The admonitions of his superiors and of his father, George, the King, and his mother, Mary, the Queen, aim to keep him out of trouble.

"I suppose, Mr. Palmer," J. R. D. concludes, "that the Prince must have overlooked some of your writings—hence a half column of slams."

It's a shame that I should have been found out in that way. I have not the slightest idea that the Prince ever sees this page, although I do not think it would harm him if he did. Being a friend of England, and having known at first-hand how her soldiers fought, no more implies giving up freedom of speech or idolizing the son of a monarch than in the case of a President, a senator or a governor.

Speaking of Headgear—

By Wallgren



"JUST TO THINK - I ACTUALLY WORE THIS AT ONE TIME - IT WAS MY FIRST CHAPEAU."



"AND THIS PEANUT SHELL FOLLOWED ME FROM SCHOOL INTO THE "FROSH" DAYS —



"RAH-RAH-RAH!! GIVE A HASTY GLANCE — BULL-DOG SHOES AND PEG-TOP PANTS —



"MY FIRST HAY HAT - FINE FOR A FLAT HEAD WITH A FLAT POCKETBOOK - BUT OH, WHAT A SHEIK I WAS —"



"AND PIPE THIS! I THOUGHT I HAD BEAU BRUMMEL LICKED BUT MY BLUSHING BRIDE ALMOST FAINTED WHEN SHE SAW ME



"GENUINE PANAMA, FROM THE WILDS OF N.J.) - COST SO MUCH I HAVE TO HAVE IT REBLOCKED EVERY YEAR - FINE FOR FISHING.



"CLOTH HATS TO MATCH YOUR SUITS WERE ALL THE RAGE - OUT AND OUTRAGE I CALLED THIS —



"REMEMBER WHEN THIS STYLE CAME INTO VOGUE, BUDDY? IT BECAME POPULAR OVERNIGHT!"



DON'T LAUGH - THIS IS TRAGIC!! THEY'RE STILL LOOKING FOR THE HUN WHO DESIGNED THIS FIRST ISSUE OF THE OVERSEAS CAP-



"THE OLE TIN HAT WASN'T PLANNED FOR COMFORT OR STYLE - BUT IT WAS SNAPPY AND WENT OVER THE TOP."



"THE BARRACKS CAP ISSUE GAVE A LOT OF US A CHANCE TO SEE WHAT WE'D LOOK LIKE DISGUISED AS OFFICERS —



"AND THEN THE REACTION - NOTHING WAS BRIGHT OR GAUDY ENOUGH AFTER AGES OF O.D."



"AND SHOW ME THE MAN WITH SOUL SO DEAD - WHO OWNS NOT AN IRON HAT FOR HIS HEAD."



"OR A FORTY-
AND EIGHTER
WITH A HORIZON
BLUE CHAPEAU WHICH ISN'T THE
PROUDEST THING HE'S OF."



"AND WHAT COULD BE NIFTIER THAN THE PEARL GREY I'VE BEEN WEARING ALL THIS SPRING? —



"BUT, SPEAKING OF HEADGEAR - WHAT HAT CAN EVEN REMOTELY COMPARE WITH YOUR FIRST STRAW OF THE SEASON? HOT DOG!!

Paris Post Broadcasting

REV. DR. JOSEPH W. COCHRAN, chaplain of Paris Post of The American Legion, has sailed across the sea to tell the comrades on this side that the Legionnaires in France regard it as a settled fact that Paris will get the 1927 Legion National Convention.

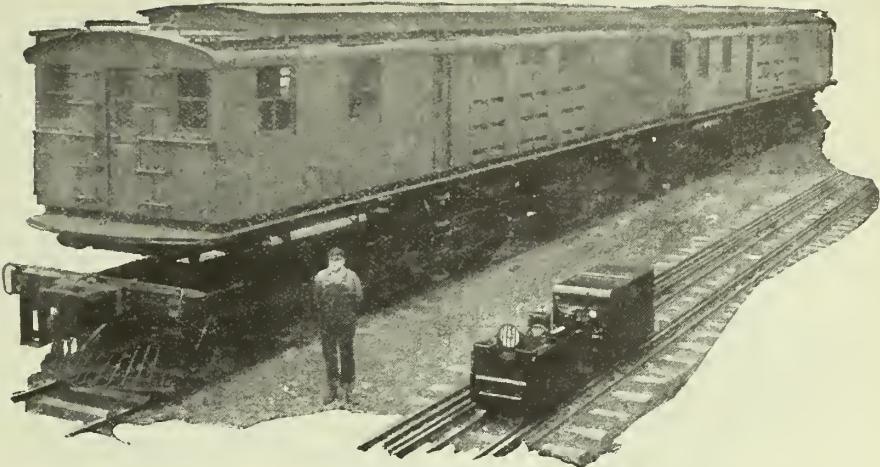
"We have set our hearts on it," Dr. Cochran told National Commander Drain, "and I think our representatives who will present our case at the Omaha convention in the fall will be able to convince the delegates that the project is both desirable and feasible. Certainly almost every veteran who served in the A. E. F. plans to go back to France some day, and the feeling is just as strong with thousands who did not have the luck to get across.

"So why not all of us go together on the tenth anniversary of our entrance into the war? I do not think the item of expense need be prohibitive if the convention is decided on far enough in advance so that saving clubs can be established, laying a little aside every week for the trip of a lifetime. We are already assured of the co-operation of the French Government and the French veterans' associations in furthering plans for the convention."

Dr. Cochran is pastor of the American Church in Paris, an interdenominational institution at 21 Rue de Berri, just to the right of the Arc de Triomphe. The church is preparing to erect a new edifice on the Quai d'Orsay and have it ready by 1927. The social activities of the church are noteworthy and have been closely identified with the work of Paris Post of the Legion. The church maintains the only American Boy Scout troupe in Europe, gives dances, and generally interests itself in the 2,000 American ex-service men in Paris, many of whom have married French wives.

Paris Post has six hundred members and is growing. It occupies a set of temporary barracks near the Port Dauphine, the gift of the French government. Eventually it hopes to erect an American memorial building in Paris.

CARDBOARD matrices of Wallgren's cartoon, "Plant Now," which appeared in the April 24th issue of the Weekly, will be sent postpaid for twenty-five cents each to any Legion post which wishes to make use of the cartoon in the interests of the Endowment Fund campaign in its community. They make excellent campaign material when used in your local newspaper. Address The American Legion Weekly, Indianapolis, Indiana.



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Then and Now

By the Company Clerk



R. W. ALLISON, of Cleveland, wants to know who was the first American soldier to enter Germany when the occupation troops crossed into enemy country after the Armistice. "In reading an account recently of the entry of our troops into Germany," he writes, "I saw a statement that when the 28th Infantry of the First Division marched across the Moselle River bridge at Wincheringen into German territory on November 30, 1918, Major General E. F. McGlachlin, Jr., commanding the division, although an artilleryman himself, ordered that a private of infantry go first. Who was the doughboy who had this honor of officially entering enemy territory at the head of the Army of Occupation?" The Company Clerk stands ready to receive nominations and hopes that the first man to enter Germany won't prove as numerous as Pershing's chauffeurs.

Of the four cases listed in the April 10th issue of the Weekly, we have had information concerning only one, that of Gilbert Madison Walker, Company G, 38th Infantry, Third Division. The data was received from Legionnaire Amos Rhodes, Beardstown, Illinois, formerly of Company K, Fourth Infantry, Third Division. While the Walker about whom Rhodes makes report is not Gilbert Madison Walker, we are including the information given for the benefit of this other dead comrade's relatives. Rhodes writes:

"Our cook's name was Walker and he was killed on a patrol across the Marne River at the town of Blésmes. [The Adjutant General advises that this man was Lafe C. Walker, killed in action July 1, 1918, during an attempted raid across the Marne River against enemy positions. He volunteered with five others to go across the Marne on a daring night patrol.—COMPANY CLERK.] He was either killed or drowned and as far as I know his body was never recovered. There was a patrol of eight men sent across the Marne to capture a prisoner for information. Four men got back, three were killed or drowned and the lieutenant in command was taken prisoner. This man had returned to the States at the same time I did in January, 1918, from China, where we had served with the 15th Infantry."

Can any former member of the 38th Infantry now furnish information re-

THE Then and Now department, thanks to readers of the Weekly, has established a record in furnishing first-hand information to relatives of comrades who were killed in action or reported missing in action which it wants to live up to. It is only through the co-operation of our readers that the service can continue. The Company Clerk wants to give credit also to the Adjutant General's Office in Washington for prompt assistance in looking up service records in cases called to its attention.

Get Under the Wire Before June 7, 1925

Every disabled man intending to file a claim with the Veterans Bureau and every man having a claim pending but not yet approved is urged to heed the following statement by Watson B. Miller, chairman of the National Rehabilitation Committee of The American Legion:

Owing to an apparent repugnance between Section 206 and Section 209 of the World War Veterans' Act of 1924, it will be most desirable for every service officer of the Legion and for every claimant to furnish the Director of the Veterans Bureau, prior to June 7, 1925, all evidence possible to establish that injuries were suffered or aggravated during active service.

Section 206 of the Act provides that in the absence of the benefit of the presumption of service connection by Section 200, and in the absence of official records of injury or aggravation during service or at the time of discharge therefrom, there must be furnished within one year from the approval of the Act to the Bureau satisfactory evidence to establish that the injury was suffered or aggravated during active service.

Section 209 of the Act provides that claims for compensation may be filed within certain periods after discharge

or resignation or within certain periods after the beginning of the disability, with the net result that the law says claims may be filed but with the exceptions noted above (where presumptive service connection or official record of injury exists) proof of service connection of the disability must be filed within one year after the approval of the Act.

There is a fine legal question involved and one which the Bureau has not yet decided, but pending this decision every effort should be exerted toward proving up claims prior to June 7, 1925, not only on new claims but on claims which are already on file with the Bureau but which have not been approved. Should the Veterans Bureau rule that the one-year clause is binding on new cases and cases already on file but not yet completed, an effort will be made in the forthcoming Congress, as was made in the last session, to secure an extension.

garding Private Gilbert Madison Walker, killed in action July 15, 1918, near Mezy, France, by enemy shell fire? He was first reported as missing in action.

THE State Historical Society of Wisconsin at Madison has asked the Company Clerk to assist in getting a copy of Volume 2, No. 6 (February 6, 1920), of the American Legion Weekly in order to complete its files. A copy of the booklet "Memorial Day, 1919," proceedings at the Hospital Center, Savenay, France, and similar publications relating to the A. E. F. are desired by the Commission on the History of Massachusetts in the World War, State House, Boston. Lack of space alone prevents the Company Clerk from rendering this same service to Legion posts that want to complete files of the Weekly. This service may be given by department headquarters or department publications.

RECENTLY we included in these columns some letters about marine disasters during the war which were received following the story of the sinking of the *Tuscania* in the Weekly of January 30th. In telling of the ships which were lost on the eastward journey we stated that the U. S. S. *Ticonderoga* was an animal transport, basing our classification on the statement in Secretary of the Navy Josephus Daniels's book, "Our Navy at War", that "this animal transport, manned by Navy personnel but with soldiers aboard to care for the cargo, was almost in mid-Atlantic . . . when her engines broke down and she fell behind her convoy. At 5:30 the next morning she was attacked by the U-152."

Now comes a letter from Comrade Lyman H. Hammond of St. Marys, Pennsylvania, who states that as one of the survivors of this ship he can give some first-hand information. He says that while the *Ticonderoga* may have been an animal transport, it had no animals aboard when it made its last trip, but had a large cargo of supplies which he understood consisted principally of Liberty motors, and that the half battery of field artillery of which he was a member was on board for no other reason than that of being transported to France. His unit was the Fourth Battery, September Automatic Replacement Draft, from Camp Jackson, South Carolina. Several batteries of field artillery replacement troops from this camp had been sent to Camp Stuart at Newport News for embarkation on several cargo ships, and the batteries were to be reassembled on arrival overseas. Comrade Hammond continues his account:

"One hatch on the *Ticonderoga* was provided with hammocks for our use. We left Hampton Roads for New York harbor, where we met a convoy and sailed on September 22, 1918. Our ship was sunk by a German submarine on the morning of September 30, 1918, after falling behind our convoy about ten hours. The submarine was of the cruiser type, mounted with two six-inch guns, and shelled us for about two and a half hours before sending a torpedo into us, sinking the ship about half an hour later, probably 7:30 a. m. Several lifeboats were floating around after the sinking but it seems that the

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only one rescued was the one I was in, with 22 other men. There were thirteen soldiers and ten Navy men. One of the sailors died after the first day we were adrift, but the rest of us were picked up on October 3d about four p. m. by the *Moorish Prince*, a British freighter, and were later transferred to the *Grampian*, a Canadian ship, and landed in New York City on October 11th. As to the *Deutschland* being the submarine, I cannot say, but two American naval officers were taken aboard the submarine as prisoners, and after the Armistice London dispatches

stated that it was the UK-153, or *Deutschland*, from which these two officers were surrendered."

Mr. Daniels's account in "Our Navy at War" differs from this last statement. Therein it is stated that "Lieutenant Muller and Lieutenant Fulcher were taken prisoners aboard the submarine, which was identified as the UK-152, commanded by Captain-Lieutenant Franz of the German Navy. Lieutenants Muller and Fulcher were repatriated via England by this same U-boat when she surrendered after the Armistice."

The Last Journey of the Romanoffs

(Continued from page 6)

Czarevitch from the day of his birth to the night of his murder. He was born at Peterhof, the Imperial Palace at St. Petersburg, July 30, 1904. That was at the height of the Russo-Japanese War, when his parents were worried about more things than one. Their concern over the fortunes of their arms was hardly more poignant than their concern about getting an heir for the throne.

They had been blessed with four charming and lovable daughters. But for purposes of succession the arrival of each girl was not an unmixed blessing. In fact, when Anastasia, the youngest, was born they were decidedly upset at the prank of fortune.

The arrival of Alexis was hailed with supreme relief and joy. The rejoicing of the family was echoed by the country. Church bells were rung; guns were fired; people shouted the news to each other. Then suddenly the doctors shook their heads. The boy had haemophilia. It was considered to be an "incurable" disease. It meant that he would have recurring fits of hysteria, and whether he would live was problematical.

The family in despair did not dare to tell the country about this ailment of the boy whose birth was the only cause of rejoicing that could be found during the dark days of the Japanese War. But the trouble could not be kept entirely a secret. Consequently the rumors were various and mysterious. To this day the world is in the dark about precisely what was wrong with the lad. The explanation here given is evidently correct, however; the authority for it is Monsieur Gilliard, who was one of the tutors of the Romanoff children and shared their home life. He also asserts that the boy was entirely normal otherwise, and that evidently he was surviving his inherited malady. It is claimed that male victims of haemophilia who survive the fits of early life outgrow the disease.

But the mystery of the health of the Czarevitch was deepened when he was eight years old. In October, 1912, when the family was cruising on the imperial yacht *Standard*, the boy became suddenly ill or injured in a totally unexplained way. The wildest rumors flew around. It was said that he had fallen in a bathtub, or slipped while climbing on a chair, or got hurt while diving, or been shot or stabbed by revolutionists—you can take your choice, because the secret is buried with the victim. At any rate, from that day Alexis was lame, and immediately afterward Admiral Chapin, who was the

commander of the yacht, committed suicide.

Everything that the family did became a mystery.

The direct cause of their overthrow at the height of the World War, early in 1917, has been ascribed to the character and connections of the Czarina. She was a German princess of the house of Hesse-Darmstadt. While we know what a kind and good father Nicholas was, there is a lack of any special mention of the motherly qualities of the Czarina. She probably did her best, and certainly she loved her children, but there was a peculiar complex in her nature that has attracted more comment. She was superstitious, possessed by moods bordering on religious mania. These emotional stresses hardened her exterior, for she is said to have been austere. In other words, she did what many unhappy people do—adopted a cold demeanor not because they want to be unfriendly or unkind, but because they are so sensitive that they instinctively treat others with cold reserve as a sort of protection. That does not endear people or win confidence; on the contrary, it makes them critical and suspicious.

Thus, when during the war there was talk about the German connections of the Czarina, instead of explaining anything, she retired into her shell still further. Her German connections therefore grew in importance in people's minds, and became not only mysterious but unendurable and dangerous.

When the Czarina invited the monk Rasputin to the imperial court she was inviting more disaster. Rasputin was a mystic—a vile Siberian with an unmentionable past and an insidious personality that wound around the Czarina a spell she could not resist. The incredible story of Rasputin and his influence has no place here; it is only mentioned because it is an example of the reasons why suspicions were aroused about the court—suspicions that were never dispelled, but that were intangible, unexplained, mysterious. These influences were called the "dark powers." People thought that the German princess whom their Czar had made their Empress was secretly working for the German cause during the later days of the World War. There is justification for complaint about her actions, but apparently the potency of the "dark powers" was exaggerated out of all proportion because the Czar and his consort were oblivious to appeals, warnings and threats.

When you look back on the Romanoffs just before their abdication they seem

like people in a dream, who, though surrounded by terrible dangers, are indifferent or strangely unable to take obvious action.

The frank personalities and patriotic efforts of the four princesses were not enough to offset suspicion and criticism. These girls were always popular in Russia. The country that revered "our Father Czar" was proud of its princesses. Four pretty girls of charm and vivacity are admirable under any circumstances. When those girls happen at the same time to round out with most becoming grace the group of a royal family they become national symbols of feminine loveliness, culture and purity. Their secure place in the hearts of the Russians has certainly not been shaken since they became martyrs.

The first-born was Olga. She was twenty-three years old when her life was torn out. She was the tallest of the girls. She bore herself with dignity, and won respect rather than love. She was in demeanor and appearance as well as in fact the "oldest sister."

Next came Tatiana, who was twenty-one years old at the time of her death. Tatiana was the ideal princess. She was dark with an abundance of rich black hair. Her eyes were deep and sparkling. Her nose was straight and delicately modeled, her lips always playful. She was the energetic member of the family—always working and playing and doing thoughtful things. Tatiana was the people's darling. During the war she endeared herself to every patriotic Russian by her steadfast labors in the hospitals, caring for the sick and wounded, and denying herself much of the luxury and ease which she could have had in order to share in the troubles and cares of others. Her sisters were hospital workers, too, and did much good unselfish work, but Tatiana dramatized it for the people.

Then came the two youngest girls—Marie, who was nineteen, and Anastasia, who was seventeen on the night of the gross mangling of their souls and bodies. Both these girls had inherited the fine features of their parents. They were both childish and unspoiled. They were too young to have made any definite impression on the country, but they were loved as wholesome growing children, and their faces were well-known because they completed the family pictures that appeared in the press and in the photograph shops and on post-cards. Of course, in their last days after the abdication, Marie and Anastasia shared the hardships of the family and were suddenly matured. You can imagine how their hearts must have ached with the realizations that were thrust on them, and how little they understood of the reasons for their suffering. They had never harmed a soul.

All the sisters had the Anglo-Saxon cast of countenance. Their mother, though a German princess, was also a granddaughter of Queen Victoria, and so there was nothing "foreign", as we think of it, nothing Russian in their appearance. They might as well have been born on Fifth Avenue or lived on Michigan Boulevard—they were familiar types to us. Moreover they spoke English most of the time in their family circle.

These, then, were the seven members of the family, and you have seen how the clouds of fate were gathering dur-

ing the many years of their palace days.

The revolution itself came suddenly. At the beginning of March, 1917, the material status of the Romanoffs was as follows:

The Czar was the most powerful autocrat in the world, and also the commander-in-chief of a vast army in the field. He was the master of numerous spacious palaces and castles, and in land possessions he was by far the richest man in the world. The Romanoffs and their relatives held in their own name and for their own revenue one tenth of all the land of the globe. Seventy per cent of the land area of vast Russia, including the inexhaustible mines of Siberia, paid its revenue into the Romanoff coffers.

The annual income of the Czar and his family was conservatively estimated at \$42,500,000. Compared to his land holdings his cash holdings were small. After the abdication it became a matter of record that the Czar possessed \$500,000 cash; the Czarina, \$550,000; the Czarevitch, \$2,750,000; Olga, \$1,750,000; Tatiana, \$2,000,000; Marie, \$1,850,000; Anastasia, \$1,650,000. The funds of the children were larger than the funds of the parents because the children did not have so much occasion to spend their allowances, and so these had accumulated. They were a family of millionaires.

On Thursday, March 8, 1917, the Czar left his country palace on his special train for army headquarters at Mohilef. The Czarina and the children were left at Tsarkoye-Selo, a magnificent palace in the midst of enormous estates sixteen miles from St. Petersburg—it was the Russian Versailles.

While the Czar was away the army officers and others who had been aroused by the talk of the "dark powers" swiftly achieved the first revolution. It was really an anti-German rising. The Bolsheviks were not yet in existence—it was the military party that seized control and forced the Czar to abdicate. While the special train was whirling the Emperor back to his capital on March 15th it was met by a delegation of officers, and there on the train the abdication of the mightiest monarch on earth was signed.

In the twinkling of an eye the Czar's power ceased. It was literally done over night. No man in history ever held such a powerful position one day and was hurled so completely out of it the next.

The event was hailed as definitely aligning Russia on the side of the Allies, and dispelled fears of a separate peace. Bankers in America and elsewhere were pleased.

There was a momentary interlude, as superfluous as it was fleeting, when Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovitch, the younger brother of Nicholas, was regent. The Grand Duke was popular. He seemed to be a good connecting link between the old dynasty and the new democracy. He had been exiled to England four years before because he had married a woman of low birth.

But the racket that was started soon got away from those who started it. Michael yielded in a few hours and the Muscovite house of Romanoff was eliminated. Russia moved swiftly to the Kerensky revolution and his brief régime.

The train that had been stopped while Nicholas abdicated was detoured



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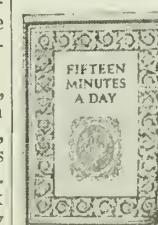
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to Tsarkoye-Selo, and the first imprisonment of the family began. It started in a blinding snowstorm. The vast palace was literally cut off from the world, like a great ghostly sepulchre in the midst of boundless space, desolate, forgotten. The snow drifted across the open spaces and piled up against the stone walls of the palace. There was no sign of life. The Romanoff family had vanished from Russian existence, officially and literally.

The Czar left his train, took his last look at the imperial private car, fought his way through the snow with several officers of his former staff, and arrived at the palace to find all five children in bed with the measles.

The family were prisoners, in fact. Guards were stationed at the gates of the palace grounds; all except a few faithful servants left, since the government pay envelopes automatically ceased. (It is said, and probably correctly, that twenty-five thousand persons were thrown out of employment by the abdication. These were the retainers, household staffs, attendants of all kinds at the numerous palaces, shooting-boxes, royal pavilions, imperial stables and other establishments.)

The imprisonment that Kerensky and the other military dictators imposed on the family at Tsarkoye-Selo was not rigorous or inspired by any thought of vengeance. The Romanoffs were held to prevent political complications. Although the household was reduced to a handful of servants, a paltry few members of the court, all housed in one palace, the royal group were physically comfortable and comparatively happy.

The women of the family, especially the Czarina, judging by some of the correspondence that has been published, entertained the illusion that their predicament was temporary. That was natural, since they could not conceive of any other status of life than that which they had always known. They confidently expected to be recalled by Russia and to resume the old order.

Nicholas's lack of foresight, his guilelessness, his simple faith in Russia dulled the pain of downfall for him. He had not the sensitiveness of his wife, and so resigned himself placidly to his imprisonment. His chief concern seems to have been to be permitted to retire to the Crimea with his family—a request that never was granted. If it had been granted he probably would have been happier as a retired monarch than as an active one; he would have made a better gardener than diplomat.

So the days at Tsarkoye-Selo passed, one like another. The family was together, fairly happy, and secure in its own mind. The snow shoveling that at first occupied Nicholas was succeeded by springtime planting. The thaws in that climate swept away winter suddenly, and the family flocked out into the grounds to plant potatoes and win peace of mind and good health.

Olga and Tatiana were especially energetic in their gardening. They put on sport clothes and pushed a heavy cart containing fertilizing liquid all over the potato patch. It was at this time, also, that the Czar originated wood sawing for ex-monarchs.

Meanwhile far away from the iron fences of the Tsarkoye-Selo park there was much discussion about what to do with the Romanoffs. No matter how sincerely they might wish to be let alone, they were a great political prob-

lem. Everybody made suggestions. Here in America Upton Sinclair urged that the United States be entrusted with their safe keeping, and that they be sent for the rest of their lives to Catalina Island, off the coast of California. Others wanted to send them to England as exiles. The Kerensky government concocted and discarded plan after plan.

In the midst of all this, sinister voices began to be heard in Kronstadt, the naval fortress near St. Petersburg. Dissatisfied and propaganda-ridden sailors and workers were muttering. They had been cooped up for years during the war and had had no outlet for their energies. Those unspent energies festered—Kronstadt was the carbuncle from which virulent poison was soon to sput through the sick body of Russia. The demands from Kronstadt sounded a new note—they were concerned not with political expediency but with personal vengeance. The Romanoff family must be brought to Kronstadt, where they could be imprisoned in a cell instead of in a palace, and treated "as they deserved." Extreme radicalism had raised its ugly head and dared to speak out loud for the first time.

When Kerensky told Nicholas that he had decided to transfer the Romanoffs to Siberia because there was armed conflict coming and the royal family would be the first victims, he probably spoke sincerely. With the Bolsheviks getting noisy it was dangerous to have the Romanoffs around.

So, after six months of sunshine and comparative peace in beautiful Tsarkoye-Selo, the family packed their trunks and prepared for the long trip.

It was August, 1917. The family was still accompanied by a few members of their suite, and it was rumored that the Empress complained because she and the girls could take along only eight trunks. Their guard, from old regiments or rifles of the imperial troops, was commanded by Colonel Kobylinsky, a humane man who loved the family, and respected his former emperor.

One of the most striking members of the party was a man called Deremenko. He was of herculean stature with a huge rumbling voice. He had formerly been a sailor on the imperial yacht. He had had the good fortune to save the life of the Czarevitch at one time, and ever since then he had been attached to the person of the little boy as nurse and guardian. The giant Deremenko and little lame Alexis were inseparable companions.

The destination of the journey was Tobolsk, fifteen hundred miles away beyond the Ural Mountains. To get there the family went as far as they could on the railroad and then took a steamer for three hundred miles down the Irtysh River. A Czar on his way to Siberia!

At Tobolsk they were assigned to the house of the governor of the province. It was the most spacious one in that remote town, with primitive comforts, but no running water or other modern conveniences. Wood-sawing was resumed, and the other trivial occupations that made one day like another. At first the members of the family could attend church service and go about the town, accompanied by soldiers at a respectful distance.

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Peterhof, retinues of servants—the situation of the Romanoffs in Tobolsk must have seemed wretchedly cramped and uncomfortable. But tutoring lessons continued; afternoon tea was served; they kept up a semblance of their habitual life. Compared to what was in store for them it was easy and delightful.

Then to that far off Siberian town came reports of the October Revolution—the mutinies at Kronstadt, the massacres at St. Petersburg, the arrival in the capital of a trainload of former Russian exiles from Germany—persons that nobody could explain or seemed to know much about; one of them was named Lenin. So with phenomenal suddenness the Bolsheviks had leaped into the saddle. Russia was in bloody turmoil and no man could say what the end would be.

The effects of this new revolution were not felt at first in Tobolsk, but everybody was talking about it. The days passed as usual. Until one day there arrived in the town another officer and other soldiers, and Colonel Kobylinsky and his fusiliers disappeared. The affairs of the Romanoffs at that moment took a turn for the worse. For some months longer they continued in the governor's house at Tobolsk. But now their guards leered at them; their commander was petu-

lant and unreasonable; their freedom was restricted; it was only by a grudging concession that the family was allowed to attend divine service in the town church on Christmas Day.

With incredible blundering the honest, sympathetic priest prayed for the health of the royal family—he had done so for many, many years. Yet this time there were hard faces of soldiers carrying loaded rifles in the pews. When the family filed out of church the girls were jostled rudely and muttering was heard. The notion gained headway among the Bolsheviks that at Tobolsk there was too much sympathy for the Romanoffs—they were apt to escape. Something had to be done with them and done quickly. Let the culprits be brought to Moscow for trial.

So in April, 1918, began the trip up the river again. And the change to a train at the railhead, and the ending up at Ekaterinburg—not Moscow. This begins the final lurid phase—that has been like a closed book—so carefully have its awful secrets been concealed. Up to this point the adventures of the Romanoffs have been a matter of history—now they are a matter of revelation.

This is the first of two articles on the fate of the Romanoffs by Mr. Platt. The second will appear in next week's issue.

The Northwest Burns the Mortgage

(Continued from page 8)

ods of farming and a land boom—as particularized in a preceding article.

In North Dakota—too much wheat, poor farming methods, and a realization that the marketing system of the day worked an injustice upon the farmer. This led to a further complication, an attempt to solve an economic question by political expedients—the rise and fall of the Non-Partisan League. There was no land boom in North Dakota. The League kept outside capital out and land values down; which was a good thing. Otherwise the best authorities on farm economics do not have much that is good to say for the League—a view, however, which many inhabitants of North Dakota will dispute—but not so many now as a few years ago.

Some twelve years ago when the wheat yield began to fall off, because of farming methods which had impoverished the soil, the farmers' profits naturally began to fall off. Never flush, the farmer felt the pinch. He apprehended vaguely that in the marketing of wheat middlemen made big profits. He felt that this was not right when he, the farmer, was so hard up. Farmers got together in an effort to get control of the wheat marketing machinery by erecting a string of line elevators over the state and a big terminal elevator in Saint Paul. The initial attempt failed. An unsuccessful flax planter from near Beach named Townley came along and said the desired ends could be obtained only through political action. The Non-Partisan League was born. Townley became the best advertised, worst hated, most admired man in North Dakota. His talents as an evangelist and an agitator brought the League to a position of supreme power in the state. It controlled the government, including

the agricultural schools. It founded a state bank, built grain elevators, flour mills, a packing plant and started a string of newspapers to disseminate its ideas. It started a chain of retail stores. All this to relieve the farmer. But it didn't work. It destroyed the state's credit and increased the public debt from \$600,000 to \$13,000,000 in four years.

Then it fell—1920. It is "dormant" now, to use the term William Lemke employed to describe the situation when I saw him in Fargo lately. Mr. Lemke was attorney general when the League was in power. Townley has left the state, and the Leaguers look to Lemke as their leader now. He is an interesting man, this dreaming, scheming, courteous country lawyer. His personal integrity is not impeached by his bitterest political and economic adversaries. But they do say he has "tamed down" since the overthrow of his régime. A little while before I got to Fargo the packing plant the League built there costing the farmers \$2,000,000 was sold at auction for \$100,000. Fargo bankers and business men told me that it would be operated successfully—but by business and not political men and methods.

So much for North Dakota. In South Dakota the trouble was too much wheat acreage and a land boom in some parts. I have been asked how can a land boom hurt a place? Is not the word boom synonymous with prosperity?

With false prosperity, yes. The sound value of an acre of farm land may be determined by the value of what that land will produce in clear profit in a year, computed on about an eight percent basis. To be worth \$100, an acre of land should produce net a profit of \$8 each year, just like an

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The men we left in France died very young, but we have pondered the words of our chaperons, who told us that old age does not consist of the number of our days nor do gray hairs constitute understanding. We have had a vision of generations of French children who will visit the headstones and memorize the names of those who are forever the symbol of friendship between the two republics.

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eight percent first mortgage one hundred dollar bond or any similar security. To be worth \$200 an acre of ground should return an annual net profit of \$16. These eight percent net returns must represent the average proceeds of the land over a considerable period of time with good years and bad years, high prices and low prices reckoned in. The fact that in a good year with exceptional prices land may yield a twenty percent profit is not sufficient to increase the value of that land. Next year profits may drop to nothing, or there may be a loss.

This elemental fact was lost sight of where land booms occurred. An era of good crops at high prices, followed by the war which greatly increased the circulation of ready money and inflated the prices (not the values) of everything everywhere—these things brought on the land booms. Montana, South Dakota, Minnesota and Iowa were particularly affected. Land nominally worth \$75 to \$100 an acre went up as high as \$500. Banks loaned money on it at those figures. Came the general post-war deflation, the decline in prices and the crop shortages and the bubble burst. Land which had been mortgaged for \$300 an acre during the boom would not bring \$100 an acre on the real estate market. Banks which held such mortgages were caught. That land will never come back to those fantastic war figures. The people who bought or underwrote purchases at those prices simply had to take the loss, and those losses ran into millions and millions. Those losses have generally been absorbed by now, but it has been a long pull. The lucky few who sold at the high prices and did not continue to speculate in an effort to double their winnings are the gainers—and the only ones.

Land values are still depressed in this section. The man who is willing to farm industriously and intelligently can buy land at bargain prices. Which does not, however, mean that it will be given to him, or will prove a bargain regardless of price unless he is willing to farm it himself, work hard and use his head. Farming in the United States will be successful henceforth only where it is pursued with as much zeal and enlightenment as one pursues a skilled trade or a profession. We have no peasant class; we will tolerate none. Not that the European peasantry is in such a bad fix, is so oppressed or unhappy as some Americans may think. Not that, particularly. But the peasant system is out of key with the genius of our race, with our native and acquired instincts—our inclinations, teachings and aspirations.

For a generation or so a conspiracy of circumstances has been forcing the American farmer into a weird position where he enjoyed few of the advantages of the European peasant and many of the disadvantages. That is a general statement, but it is approximately true. Farming was unskilled labor of an arduous type. It lacked organization—that peculiarly American characteristic which distinguishes all of our successful endeavors. Yet everyone with whom the farmer had to deal was organized, and profited at his expense. An article could be written on this subdivision of the subject. The existing state of affairs had so sapped the farmer's resistance that when the pressure of post-war deflations was ap-

plied the agricultural industry collapsed. The industry has now pulled itself out by its own bootstraps. So doing it has set in motion or given new impulse to activities which are correcting some of the fundamental errors in the set-up of the agricultural industry; making the likelihood of another collapse more remote; guaranteeing to agriculture a more secure and profitable future.

Important among these activities is the great enterprise, or series of enterprises, which may be defined in two words as co-operative marketing.

Under the old system a farmer took his cream to town and sold it to the local representative of a dealer in Saint Paul. He got the going wholesale price for cream as of that day. The farmer might know that cream would be a cent higher a gallon next week, but he could not hold his product to take advantage of that increase. He had no facilities for the storage of cream in refrigeration. So he sold from day to day or week to week at the current going price. The cream went to Saint Paul. It was trademarked, distributed and resold—as cream, as butter or as cheese. Most of the butter appeared on tables east of Philadelphia. En route it passed through many hands, and every hand withheld a profit.

Under the co-operative system, the farmer is a stockholder in a local co-operative creamery—located maybe in the county seat, maybe at a convenient cross-roads. As many as two hundred farmers may own this particular creamery. The farmer hauls his cream there, or the creamery's truck comes around and gets it. The farmer receives the going wholesale price of the day for his cream. Up to here the transaction does not differ much from the old system. But under the old system the farmer's profits from his cream ended with the check he got at the creamery. Under the new system, that is just a part payment for his product.

The co-operative creamery, in which the farmer owns so many shares, makes the cream into butter and turns the butter over to distributors. It makes a profit on the butter. Once a year the local creamery balances its books and reckons its profits on the sale of butter—or cream—or cheese. These profits are divided among the farmer stockholders. Thus each farmer gets two profits in place of one. The price to the ultimate consumer who eats the butter is not affected.

Co-operative creameries are many years old in Minnesota, but the fight to recovery from the recent depression gave an impetus to the co-operative idea. When six hundred of these local creamery associations were running they formed (in Minnesota) a state society, and started out to capture another legitimate profit on the sale of butter which had been slipping through the farmer's fingers.

Under the earlier arrangement the local creameries shipped their butter in tub bulk to the eastern markets and sold it to wholesalers there. The wholesalers packed it, branded it and got the premium for quality. Housewives learned to ask for such and such brand because they liked it. New York, Philadelphia and Boston wholesalers got the credit for that brand—and the profit. Now the farmers out in Minnesota, through their state creamery organization, have started to pack and brand

their own butter and market it in the East. These brands and trademarks are becoming known. Housewives find butter so labeled just as good as the other brands they were buying—for indeed, it is the same butter. In the old days the farmer sold his cream a few miles away at the day's quotation and his profits ended there—but the other fellows' didn't.

This is merely the trademark applied to agriculture. Every other industry in this country has been reaping just profits on the strength of a trademark, signifying known quality, for generations.

Eggs, poultry and potatoes are being marketed the same way in the Northwest. Minnesota leads in the movement. But South Dakota is catching on. North Dakota and Montana are interested and ripe for the campaign of education which the co-operatists are pushing in those regions. Those who ought to know say it will take from five to ten years to perfect and spread the co-operative system in the Northwest.

Co-operative wheat marketing is a different matter. There is no general desire on the part of the farmers to compete with the milling industry in the manufacture of flour. But the wheat grower thinks he is entitled to a price for quality on his product, and to market his wheat in an orderly way through the season on a basis of milling value. As it is the farmer is obliged to dump his wheat on the market right after harvest and take the going current price at the elevator, while the grain commission men and the wholesalers get the gravy.

Oklahoma has a successful co-operative wheat marketing organization, and the farmers of the Northwest are following suit. Last year about ten percent of the growers in Montana, Minnesota and South Dakota and twenty-five percent of the North Dakota wheat growers participated in co-operative pools and increased their profits. This is the way it was worked. The pools own or control local elevators and storage facilities in Minneapolis or Saint Paul. After threshing the farmer hauls his wheat to the local community elevator, where it is graded. The farmer gets a receipt for the number of bushels delivered. If the farmer needs ready cash the co-operative association of which he is a member will negotiate this wheat receipt at a bank, and advance the farmer as much as seventy-five percent of the value of the wheat on the date of delivery to the elevator.

The wheat is sent to the terminal elevators and sold over the year as the millers need it. Wheat prices usually are lowest just after harvest, when wheat is most plentiful. During the year the price almost always goes up. Under the co-operative system the farmer participates in the profits of this rise because he holds title to his wheat until it is sold to the millers.

Co-operative marketing, however, is not a cure for all the farmer's ills. There must be more scientific administration of the individual farm. Farming is a business and business methods must be mastered by the farmer who wishes to succeed. There must be scientific diversification and rotation of crops.

"Ten years from now," said Dan A. Wallace of Saint Paul, who is editor of *The Farmer* and who knows as much

about the broad aspects of agriculture in the Northwest as any other man, "we will thank ourselves for our late unpleasant experiences. When a man has to take a couple of hitches in his belt he begins to think. People do not think much in times of easy prosperity. We have been thinking out here in the Northwest, and it has proved a profitable exercise. We commend it highly, in fact. As a class, we have learned lessons we do not propose to forget—lessons which we might have been a generation in learning had we not been forced to fight with our backs against the wall. It is not much to say that the greatly heralded depression of agriculture in the Northwest has been a factor in placing agriculture in these parts on a sound basis and restoring it to a rugged prosperity which henceforth should weather economic shocks such as prostrated us within painfully recent memory."

This is the second of two articles by Mr. James on the economic situation in the Northwest.

TAPS

The deaths of Legion members are chronicled in this column. In order that it may be complete, post commanders are asked to designate an official or member to notify the Weekly of all deaths. Please give name, age, military record.

AMOS LAIRD, *Thomas Dismuke Post, Houston, Tex.* D. Feb. 15. Served with Co. I, 144th Inf., 36th Div.

AUSTIN A. LESSER, *Charles Pratt Post, Valparaiso, Ind.* D. Oct. 4.

FRANK J. LYNCH, *Gardner (Mass.) Post.* D. Mar. 2, at U. S. Vet. Bureau Hosp., New Haven, Conn., aged 35. Served with Co. D, 36th M. G. Bn., 12th Div.

CLAY C. MACDONALD, *Malcolm Macdonald Post, St. Joseph, Mo.* D. Apr. 18, aged 71. Lt. Col., 35th Div.

ANTONIO MATTONI, *Moses Taylor, Jr., Post, Mt. Kisco, N. Y.* D. Feb. 14, aged 30. Served with 301st Eng. Tr.

MARION R. MCCLANAHAN, *Kingdom Post, Fulton, Mo.* D. Apr. 17, aged 36. Lt., 89th Div.

OTTO TIMMERMAN, *Carlisle Post, Rockdale, Tex.* Accidentally killed, Feb. 6.

GEORGE S. VIEL, JR., *Elmhurst (N. Y.) Post.* D. Apr. 6. Served with 308th Inf., 77th Div.

OUTFIT REUNIONS

Announcements for this column must be received three weeks in advance of the events with which they are concerned.

U. S. S. PRESIDENT LINCOLN—Seventh anniversary reunion at Cavanaugh's Restaurant, 258 West 23d St., New York City, 7 p. m., May 30. Address Harry R. Williams, 350 Riverdale Ave., Yonkers, N. Y.

CO. F, 332D INF.—Annual reunion, June 13-14, at Brady Lake, Akron, O. Address John W. Campbell, P. O. Box 191, Barberton, O.

CO. G, MED. UNIT—Sixth annual reunion and banquet at Hotel Bond, Hartford, Conn., June 6, 8 p. m. Address R. C. Northam, Jr., Box 155, Hockanum, Conn.

1ST DIV.—District of Columbia branch will commemorate capture of Cantigny at its annual dinner, May 28. Address Capt. C. C. Lowe, Room 360½ State, War and Navy Bldg., Washington, D. C.

LEGION RADIO

Brief announcements of radio programs to be broadcast by Legion posts will be published in this column. Notices of proposed programs should be sent to the Weekly at least four weeks in advance of date of broadcasting. Be sure to give the wave length.

Boulder (Colorado) Post will broadcast from Station KOA, Denver (323 meters), May 25, 8 p. m. (mountain time).

Only \$10 Down Buys

This Guaranteed Used Burroughs Adding Machine

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Easy Payments



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6845 Second Blvd., Detroit, Michigan.

Please send me information about this special guaranteed Burroughs Adding Machine.

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Business _____
Address _____

Make \$20 a Day

Men or women. Clean up \$1,000 in 6 weeks! You can do it! New Perfection Clothes-Line Reel, 7 out of 10 buy from quick demonstration. Simple, strong, neat, practical. Always works. Nothing to get out of order. Puts up taut line in a minute. Made from auto body sheet steel, polished finish like fenders. Greatest invention in years to make wash day easier. Women delighted. Sell 1000 in 6 weeks. Clean up for full particulars. Niagara Mfg. Co., 501 Main St., Lucas, Ohio.

\$800 a Day and a DODGE TOURING CAR

Write today for offer. \$8.00 a day to start and a Dodge Touring Car if you make good. Demonstrate and take orders for Comer All-Weather Top-coats and Raincoats. Permanent, high-grade business. Largest company of its kind in the world. No experience required. We furnish complete outfit and instructions. Write now.

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Bursts and Duds

Payment is made for material for this department. Unavailable manuscript returned only when accompanied by stamped envelope. Address American Legion Weekly, Indianapolis, Ind.

A Tough Break

The prison physician was making his daily rounds when he was approached by a convict who inquired:

"Doc, how's my cellulite what you operated on?"

"All right," replied the doctor, "he'll be back in the cell with you in a couple of days."

"Ain't dat my luck!" complained the con. "Now I gotta give him back his blanket."

A Boston Outing

"We must panse," remarked the professor, climbing out of the sliver.

"Yes, dear," agreed his wife. "I heard the tire punctuate."

By Request

The worst band on earth was playing for a funeral.

"They say poor old Johnson made a definite stipulation in his will for that band to play," observed a mourner.

"Why?" asked another.

"So everybody in town would feel sorry."

A Dual Personality

[From the Atlanta Constitution]

Two of the intellectual leaders of the district are Walter White, the poet.

Just One Guess

"We need some new furniture," remarked Mrs. Sapper, "the house needs painting and I need some new clothes—but we can't afford them all, I know."

"All right, dear," replied Mr. Sapper, "but get something becoming to you."

Such Eyes!

[Ad in the Visalia (Cal.) Delta]

FOR SALE—White American geese with blue eyes and hatching eggs from same.

Logic

"Just a minute, please," called the clerk at the postoffice window. "This letter needs another stamp."

"Why?" asked the girl who had left it.

"It's too heavy for two cents."

"Oh, all right," agreed the girl, delving into her purse, "but I should think all another stamp would do would be to make it still heavier."

Deuces Wild

"An' have ye heard the news, O'Shay?" "The news, McRay?" "The news, I say. The Finnegans got twins today."

"The deuce ye say!" "I do, O'Shay."

"Tis tough that Mrs. Finnegan Has twins ag'in."

"Well, Shamus has himself to blame." "Still, it's a shame." "F'r why that same?"

He married Biddy Burlingame,

An' Burlingame's a Dublin name—

Small wonder Mrs. Finnegan

Has twins ag'in."

—Reed Calvin.

Unbearable

"But why," asked the police prosecutor, "do you want to have your husband arrested for assault and battery when there are no marks on you and the poor fellow is in the hospital suffering from three broken ribs and a dislocated jaw?"

"Ten times I knocked him to the floor," explained the fair plaintiff, "and ten times

the little varmint jumped up and talked right back at me. An' that's more than any self-respectin' woman should stand for."

Anxious

Gene: "Look! Lee is leading Iva to the altar."

Lucy: "Leading, nothing! He's just holding her back so she won't run there."

Commercial Modesty

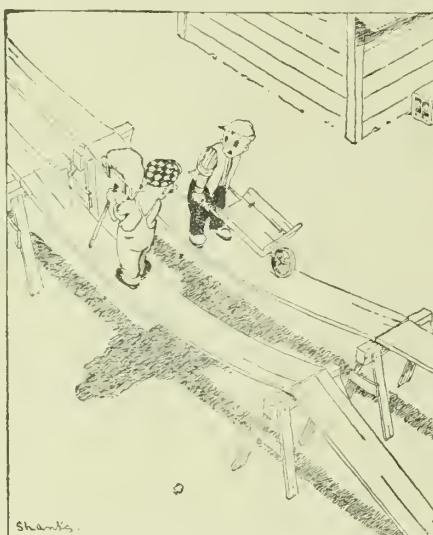
[Ad in the Ambridge (Pa.) Citizen]

Second-hand baker is looking for work.

Born Lucky

"I think you're out on purpose whenever I call."

"No, it's just bull luck, that's all."



"Wow! Some bum lamps you got. How come?"

"I bumped my head into a door in the dark."

"But they're both black."

"I know—I couldn't make my wife believe it."

One On the House

[From the American Legion Weekly itself, March 27th issue]

A Pittsfield pilgrim with a handful of doughnuts and a mouthful of coffee . . . called for three cheers for The American Legion.

No Rest

"Are you going to take a vacation this year?"

"I want to, but the wife says she won't leave town unless I come along, too."

A Horrible Example

[Headline in the Fulton (Mo.) Gazette]

Closed the Herring School; Patrons Had Basket Dinner Last Day; Two Members in Graduating Class This Year.

At the Ball

They had been circling the floor for many minutes, he looking dreamily into her eyes.

"Don't you love to dance?" the somewhat heavy-footed swain asked.

"Oh, yes!" his graceful partner cried. "Let's try it."

Massacre!

[From the Park City (Utah) Record]

The many friends of Mrs. —, daughter of Mrs. —, of this city, died suddenly at the home of her mother yesterday morning.

Looking the Part

"Can you ride a horse?" demanded the casting director.

"Well—er—not exactly, sir," replied the movie applicant. "But," he added hopefully, "I'm a bit bow-legged."

Run Down

"Did you get that rabbit foot from a rabbit you caught in a graveyard, Mose?"

"Nossuh. But de rabbit done jumped up in front o' me when Ah was passin' a graveyard, suh."

An Added Thrill

"But," said the cautious screen star who was about to perform an apparently dangerous feat, "suppose the rope should break?"

"By George!" cried the director. "That's a good idea!"

The Tragedy

"Send for the doctor, quick!" yelled the living skeleton to the circus manager. "I had a quarrel with my wife, the fat woman, and she drank—"

"Poison??!"

"No! Antifat!!"

The Gift

"Have you found out about that man we're considering for publicity director?" asked the big movie producer.

"He's lied about every detail of his past experience," answered the investigator. "He has never been to college, as he claimed. He was not the manager of the Bullem Advertising Agency—only a copy writer. His statement that he resigned from the Kelig people is absolutely false. He was fired for lying. He—"

"Grab him quick!" yelled the producer excitedly. "He's the bird we want!"

Limerix

A maiden who witnessed "East Lynne," Declared it a shame and a synne

That ills should pursue

A woman so true,
And she cried until she was all ynné.

—T. J. M.

* * *

At a boarding house in Detroit, Mich., The boarders said: "Here's that damn fitch..

We wish the old woman
Would try to be human,
And give us an eatable diech."

A young lady out in Wyo.
In her sweetie's tin lizzie went ro.,

But the lizzie, alas,

Ran plumb out of gas,

And they had to walk home in the glo.

—A. M. S.

* * *

A debutante dub from Dubuque
Was engaged to a dubious Duque.

"He's so Dutch," reasoned she,

"That a Dutchesch I'll be,

Though his Duquedom proves only a flueque."

—C. G. C.

* * *

A sergeant who spoke swell français

To a boucherie took his month's paix.

He said: "Bon jour, madame;

Avez vous some nice ham,

Ou peut-être a few pork chops todais?"

* * *

A score or more automobiles

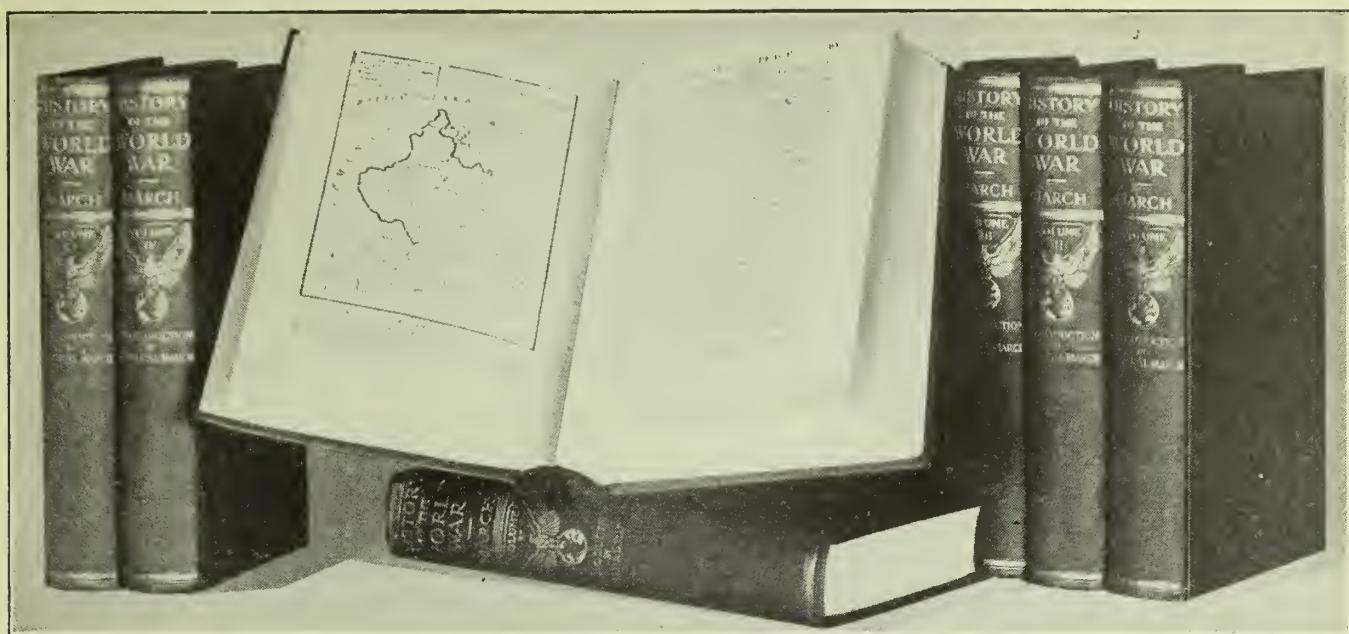
Lost fenders and headlights and whistles;

For the cop in his hands

Had St. Vitus dands,

And the traffic squirmed 'round him like iles.

—Jay Bee.



A Complete 7 VOLUME HISTORY of the WORLD WAR *At Less Than Cost!*

In broad daylight in June, 1914, a Bosnian student named Prinzip, 18 years of age, fired two shots from a revolver and killed in the streets of Sarajevo, Servia, the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, Crown Prince of Austria, and his wife, the Duchess of Hohenberg. Who was there in the whole world dreamed at that time that the assassination would have such far reaching effects over the entire earth? Not one of the great European powers foresaw a world conflict. If these powers failed to foresee the result of those two

shots fired in Sarajevo, most certainly no one in the United States dreamed for a moment that less than three years later, this country of ours would be affected by that event in far off Servia. Yet, such proved to be the case, is now history. All this can now be reviewed in this complete history of the World War at less than cost. This history covers the participations of all armies, goes thoroughly into the causes of the War and covers completely the Peace Treaty and the after effects of the World War.

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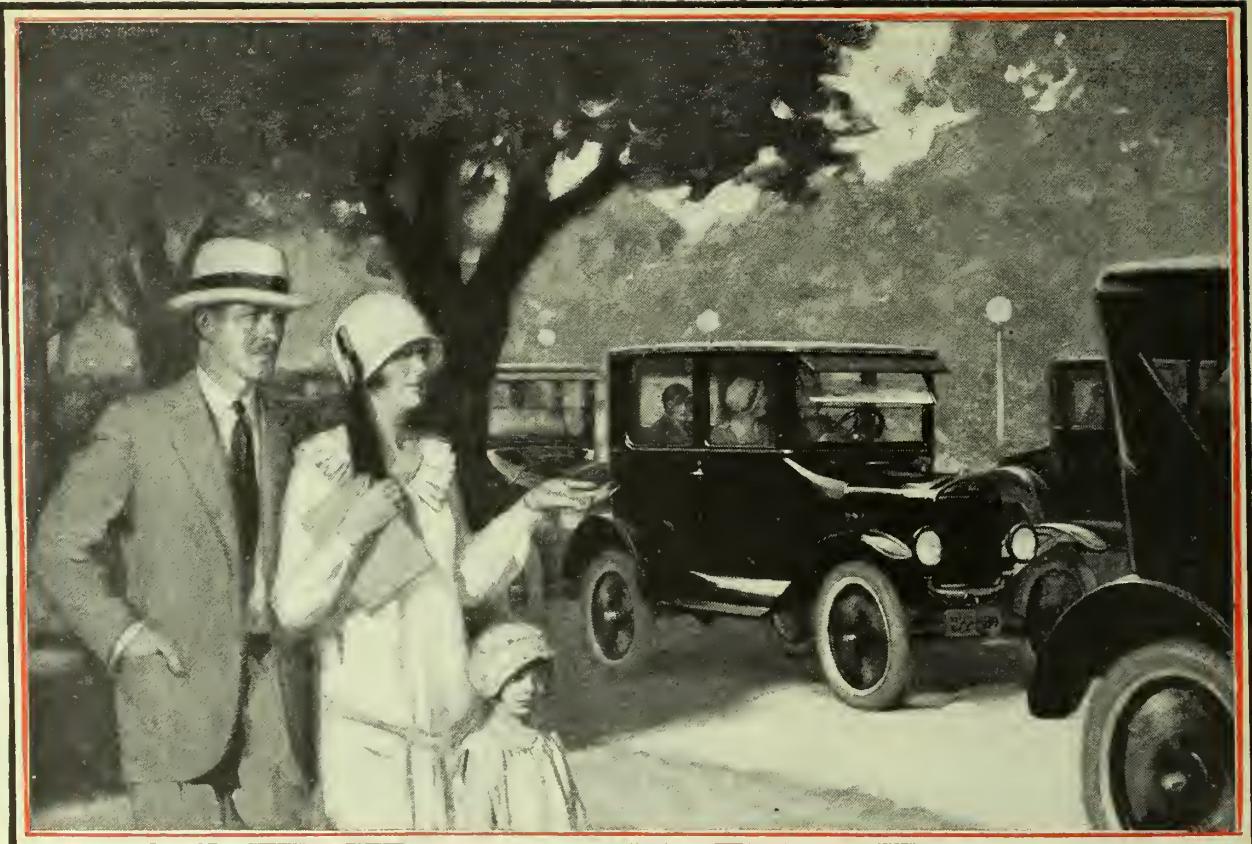
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